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Science and letters, by which the world has been so much civilized, and civilization so much ornamented, the great laws of the material and moral system discovered, the regions of mind and matter explored, and the philosophy of both made easy; science and letters flourish only in peace. It is true they are at times perverted to the uses of war; but it is so as the peaceful oak which for ages has flourished in the hallowed shades of the deep forest, is, by violence, hewn from its native mountain, dragged to the ocean, and built into a battery for the hostilities, and plunder, and barbarisms of war and battle. The Saracens cultivated the sciences; but it was when they had finished their wars. When that bloody, blind, and bigoted empire was established in the east and the west, they turned their attention to letters; the learning of the Greeks and the magicians was restored by the children of Ishmael; and the Caliphs of Bagdad, and the monarchs of the Alhambra became as renowned for science, civilization, and literature, as their predecessors had been for war, barbarism and ignorance.

THE following poetic effusion has too much merit to be lost in the obscurity of age; it was written and published in the *Columbian Centinel*, in 1829, by a gentleman who was at that time very active in the cause of peace, and who, it is deeply to be regretted, has long since retired from that field of philanthropy. I send it for re-publication, because, although old in fact, it will probably be both new and acceptable to most readers. J. P. B.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

And what is patriotism? A preference blind
Of some small circle of the human kind?
Who is the Patriot? He who stands apart,
Himself, his kin, his clan, alone at heart?
Or is it he whose thoughts more wide dilate,
With kin and clan, embracing town and State?
Or name you him whose more extended view,
With town and State connects his country too?
Or is the patriot he whose liberal mind
Connects himself, his country, and his kind?
Who looks abroad, and sees, throughout the earth,
Mankind one race, one kindred, and one birth;
Fed from one soil, enlightened by one sun,
Whose joy, whose grief whose hope, whose heaven is one
Who share one nature, fortune, fate, and doom,
And sink together tenants of one tomb?
Are these the beings whom a streamlet's tide,
Or rivers, mountains, oceans should divide
From kindly sympathy of soul with soul?
Not the wide space through which yon planets roll,
Not vast expanse, where speeds the unsought star,
Not heaven and hell should separate so far,
As oft imaginary lines divide,
Beings by birth, by nature close allied.
Oh! shame on those who think that patriot fame
Should feed on partial, popular acclaim;
For one small spot, the bed-room of its birth,
To shun the sunshine of a social earth.
Learn to look wider o'er the realm you tread,
Learn to look closer on the silent dead;
With keener ken attempt that world to know,
Whither ye headlong, hourly, heedless go.
Think of the myriads in battle slain,
Think of their meeting in yon heaven again.
With what emotions meet they, side by side,

Who breathing vengeance, bathed in blood have died !
 Repress thy passions, and relent, rash man ;
 Consider life ; its longest term a span.
 Soon sink the strongest, in the strife with death ;
 Wouldst thou, then, rob a brother of a breath ?
 Betray thy race, or antedate its doom ?
 Or send one soul unsummoned to the tomb ?
 Drive forth the hateful demon from thy heart,
 To all thy race thy charity impart.
 Ask not where streamlets nor where rivers roll,
 Nor realm, nor continent should bound thy soul.
 Live as joint heritors of nature's bloom ;
 Live as joint heirs and tenants of the tomb ;
 Live as created from one common dust ;
 Live as united by a deathless trust ;
 Live as your nature prompts ; its laws obey ;
 'Gainst these, let chief, nor king, nor priest bear sway
 Then nature's pulse with nature's warmth shall glow,
 And nature's tide in nature's current flow ;
 One sway harmonious reach from pole to pole ;
 One bond, one law, one system, and one soul.
 Then battle-sounds, and war's alarms shall cease,
 And earth grow green in Universal Peace.

OROLIO.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT ON PEACE.

THE American Peace Society prosecutes its work mainly by circulating publications, some of which it has been in the habit of sending to the various missionary stations among the heathen, supported by different denominations in our country ; and, in response to those sent at different times to the Sandwich Islands for circulation among the constant and numerous visitors there from all parts of the world, we have received, besides \$5 now from one individual, and \$10 again from another connected with the missions there, two very generous donations, *One Hundred Dollars* each, from the Church of *Native* Christians under the care of Mr. COAN, whose letter, given below almost entire, well deserves to be read and seriously pondered by every Christian : —

MR. COAN'S LETTER.

REV. G. C. BECKWITH,
Cor. Sec. A. P. S., Boston.

HILO, HAWAII, Dec. 10, 1851.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — Your box, filled with the excellent publications of your Society, came to hand yesterday, all in good condition. * * * *

For this box, and its highly valued contents, we most heartily thank you. We thank you on our own behalf, on behalf of a warring world, on behalf of "the sons of peace," and in the name of "the Prince of Peace" I will endeavor, by the grace of God, to make good use of this artillery of heaven. The church under my care feel special interest in your work. Perhaps no country on earth is more quiet and peaceful than the Hawaiian Islands. Our people are taught, that "wars and fightings" are not of God, but of the lusts and evil passions of men. They are taught to "live in peace," with the assurance, that "the God of love and peace will thus be with them." And, to show the sincerity of their principles, they have again cheerfully